"The Truth shall make you FREE."—Christ.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY UNITARIAN JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

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EMINENT UNITARIANS.

It is often said we are a small denomination, and while we assent to this, that we are not a host, this only makes the more remarkable the number of distinguished men who in all the different walks of human learning and excellency have adopted our theological views. When there was no church known by our name, no denomination of people in our land sustaining or defending our particular views, then Firmin, the eminent citizen, was Unitarian; Locke, the renowned metaphysician; Penn, the philanthropist; Chillingworth, the scholar; Milton, the poet; Newton, the philosopher; Lord Falkland, the statesman; Lardner, the elaborate writer on the evidences of the truthfulness of the gospels; Whiston, the mathematician; and Wightman the martyr. It should be remembered that these men, of such transcendent ability and unparalleled genius, through a careful study of the New Testament, the laws of nature, and the history of the Christian Church, changed their opinions from the Trinitarianism they had been taught to the Unitarianism we profess; yes, in an age in which there was not in this country one church professedly Unitarian. This is to us an interesting and assuring proof that there is truth in the fundamental principles of our religion, when the most thoughtful of men, at a time when the expression of our views was looked upon by the Christian Church with abhorrence, and the Unitarian was liable to be prosecuted in a court of law, those distinguished men, logical in all the processes of thought came to the conclusion that Unitarianism was God's truth. We could not attach the same importance to the belief of any number of interested or thoughtless persons in any age and in fellowship with a church that exalts the social position of its adherents. We can say that the most eminent metaphysicians of the past, John Locke and Dr. Samuel Clarke; men of immense philosophical renown, such as Newton, Franklin, and Priestley; poets like Milton and Rogers; lovers of their race who lived to lessen human misery like Bentham, John Pounds, and Tuckerman; distinguished lawyers and scholars, like Sir W. Jones, Judge Story, and Judge Talfourd; men thoroughly conversent with church history, like Drs. Lardner, Taylor, Chillingworth, and Whiston; eminent citizens like Firmin, Wedgwood, and Dr. Price; divines like Channing and Lindsey; and confessors and martyrs like Biddle, Wightman, and Servetus, adopted our profession of faith, though instructed in the ordinary and Trinitarian doctrines of their age. We can well bear the charge of being in a minority at present with those illustrious men on our side, hoping, as our race grows up to be intelligent and free, they will all and ever be, as we are, Unitarians.

TO THE READERS OF THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN.

In closing the twelfth volume of this little journal I heartily thank the numerous band of subscribers, and beg to add that the volume of 1869 will contain twenty-four well-executed engravings, twelve of them Unitarian churches, and the additional twelve, portraits of distinguished ladies, chiefly Unitarian, Miss Carpenter, Miss Nightingale, Miss Martineau, Miss Cobbe, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Somerville, &c. &c. The price will remain the same, 1½d. monthly. I may fairly ask the readers to add from among their friends a few additional subscribers to meet the increased expense of 1869. Already this little journal has considerably added to the number of Unitarian families attending our churches, and it is in the power of our people to make it still more widely useful in diffusing our views. Will each subscriber be so good as to add one more to the number in 1869.—R. Spears, 56, Grosvenor Park, London.

A PEEP AT A HOVEL.

A HINT FOR CHRISTMAS TIMES.

"COME George, and Mary, and Lucy, I am going this evening to see the poor woman I was speaking to you about the other day, and if your mother is willing, I will take you with me as I promised."

Away the children ran, and having obtained the required permission, they returned cloaked and bonneted, all equipped for a walk. It was a fine moonlight night in the depth of winter, and the snow crackled under our feet as we went swiftly down the well-worn hill, in hopes, by rapid motion, to keep ourselves comfortable.

George and Mary bounded on before, shouting, singing with glee, "Like noisy children just let loose from school," throwing their mittens into the air, and running forward to catch them as they fell, not succeeding, however, one time out of ten, but laughing all the merrier for the failure; gathering handfuls of snow and tossing them up into the air, then clapping their hands together to try to bring back something like warmth to the fingers. Soon, however, they grew tired of the sport, and were glad enough to join me and little Lucy, who had kept fast hold of my hand all the while, feeling it altogether too cold to derive much enjoyment from the walk. Shortly we found ourselves before a miserable looking habitation in one of the principal outlets of the city. We stopped a few moments before the window, which, not being shaded by any kind of curtain, permitted us a full view of the occupants within, though I must allow this was rather an uncivil proceeding.

"That is the old woman on the bed in the corner," said I, "and those two girls are her grandchildren; she has been sick for a long time, and they have very nearly supported her by their industry; that is the eldest who is stirring the pot on the fire."

"Why, what can such little children do to support an old woman like that?" asked Mary.

"Oh, they knit stockings and sell them; but we cannot stand any longer in the cold, we must go in."

A loud rap of George's stout knuckles brought one of the little girls quickly to the door, and in we all went, glad enough to get at anything that bore the least resemblance to a fire. Leaving the children to seat themselves as they could, I went straight to the bedside of the poor woman, who lay moaning in the corner.

"Do you feel yourself any better, to-night?" I asked.

"No, ma'am, I don't feel any better. I am getting quite discouraged. I don't know why God chooses to make me suffer so much more than others."

"Oh, you must not grow impatient," said I. "He does it for some wise reason, undoubtedly; if you have more suffering of one kind than others, you certainly have greater blessings. Almost anyone might envy your two such faithful, industrious children as those."

"Ah, ma'am, but it is very hard to see them work so, and after all have nothing to eat, and no fire scarcely to keep themselves warm."

"I hope it will not be so long. I intend to represent your situation to the ladies of ——— Society, and I have no doubt of your receiving some relief; meantime I have brought you a few little articles which I thought might be useful until I see what more can be done for you."

With this I turned to the eldest girl, and handed her a well-filled basket which I had brought with me, and asked her what success she had met with in selling her stockings that afternoon.

"I sold two pair to Mrs. S., and she has promised to buy two more as soon as I can get them finished."

"And that is the reason your sister is so busy there, is it? and what is that you are cooking?"

"I am making some oatmeal porridge for our supper; we have eaten nothing all day. I did not like to beg, and we had no money until I sold my stockings this afternoon."

"And is that all the wood you have?" asked I, pointing to a small heap of chips and shavings stowed away very carefully under the table.

"Yes, ma'am, and that must last us all day to-morrow, for I wanted to buy grandmother a little tea; she has been groaning so sadly all day that I thought it would comfort her; and I must work hard all day to-morrow, for Jenny has got a sore foot and cannot go out to gather any more."

"Well, my dear, I hope by to-morrow you will be supplied with some of the com-

forts you stand so much in need of, meantime keep up good heart ; I am glad to see you so thoughtful for your poor grandmother's comfort, and I hope she will soon be well enough so do something for herself, and then you will not be obliged to work quite so hard."

It was now time to return, and I motioned to the children, who were standing shivering by the door that I was about to leave. Glad indeed they were at the summons, for unused as they had been to poverty, the appearance of this miserable room had affected them very painfully.

Mary could scarcely keep down the tears as she asked me, when we were outside of the house, what those children were to do for a bed that night. I told her they would have no bed, but they would probably huddle together in the corner and try to keep warm as they could.

" But why don't they have warm clothes and food like us ?" asked George.

" Because they have no money to purchase them with," said I.

" But I heard her say she got fifteen pence for those stockings ; could not she have taken that to buy things with ?"

" Fifteen pence will not go very far toward purchasing food and clothing ; and, besides, you heard her say that she had bought some oatmeal for their supper, and some tea as a little luxury for her grandmother ; few children would have done that—they would have bought bread and other things for themselves. Ah! that was a beautiful thing in her to do. I am sure she will be very happy when she lays her little head upon the cold floor to-night, in thinking how much pleasure she gave her poor old grandmother by this self-denial."

" Happy, dear aunt ! can such poor people ever be happy ?"

" Why not, my dear, I see nothing to prevent it."

" Why aunt, they have scarcely any clothes, or anything to eat, and they look so cold and comfortless."

" That would go a great way, I'll allow, to prevent their being cheerful and light-hearted, and enjoying life as you or I would ; but it cannot prevent their experiencing a certain sort of inward happiness, far greater, I imagine, than anything you have ever known."

" Why I am sure, aunt, I am always very happy."

" I don't think so, George ; frequently when I have been visiting at your mother's I have heard you crying and fretting at trifles that never would have affected those little children."

I could see by the clear light of the moon that George looked very much ashamed when I said this ; yet he almost immediately added : " But, aunt, I have plenty to eat, and nice clothes to wear, and a warm room to sleep in, and I am not obliged to work like those children."

" And does this constitute all your happiness ?" I asked.

" Oh, no ! when I am tired I have story books to read ; and then I go out to walk with mamma, and I have company sometimes, and play and dance with other children."

" All these things, George, should only make you so much the more grateful for the various means you have of enjoyment ; but, I repeat it, that I think those little girls in yonder hovel, when they put away their work to-night, and go to their grandmother's couch and receive her kiss, and her blessing, and feel that they have made a sacrifice for her comfort — when they go to lie down upon the cold floor, with scarcely a rag to cover them, are a thousand times happier than you who lay your head upon soft pillows, with a blazing fire near you, and almost every luxury that wealth can purchase."

" Why, aunt, what can you mean by happiness ?"

" By happiness, George, I mean something far higher than anything you have attributed to it. He is happiest who performs his mission the best, for we were all sent into the world to do something ; none of us came to live in indolence and ease alone. You were placed here, George, for something far better than to eat gingerbread or play upon a trumpet. You were placed here that all the faculties which God has given you might be unfolded; that your noblest powers and highest aims might be brought into action; that you might surrender yourself to others; that your aspirations after truth and goodness might be awakened; that each moment might be filled with sacrifice and duty. Our Divine Master, we are told, went about continually doing good; he never wearied of well-doing; he lived only in the happiness of others. His whole life was one

continual sacrifice to truth and duty, and the least that we can do is to endeavour in some humble degree to imitate His example."

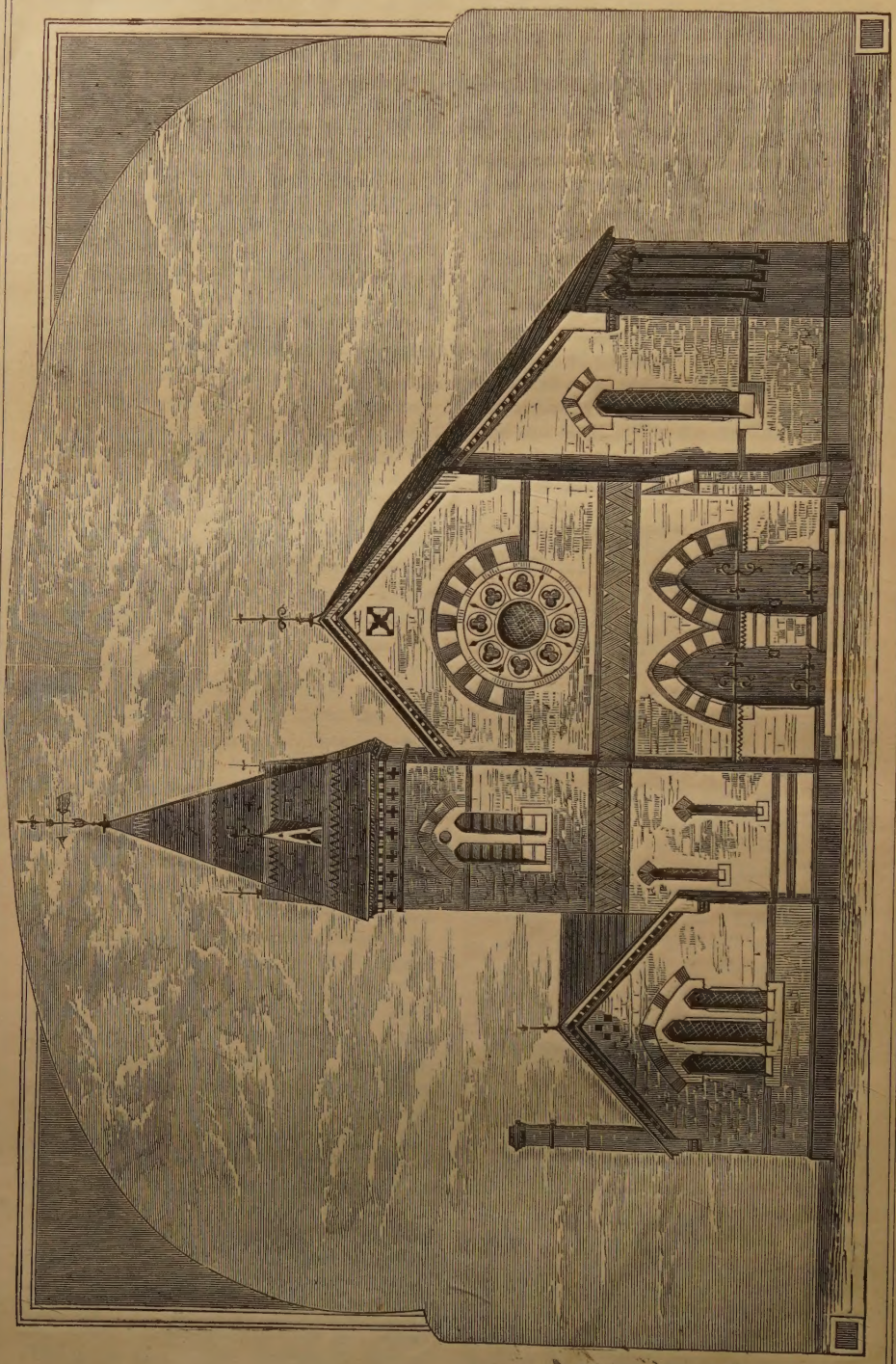
George looked into my face with a glance of utter astonishment at this, to him, rather novel definition of happiness; but there was no opportunity to say anything more at that time, for we had already arrived at the door of their elegant mansion, and as the well-dressed servant promptly obeyed the summons of the bell, I hastily bid the children adieu; not, however, without many entreaties that they would each endeavour to think for themselves in what consisted their true happiness.

THE PAGAN ORIGIN OF SO-CALLED ORTHODOXY.

Among the chief doctrines which go to make up the so-called orthodox creed, are the Trinity in the Godhead, and a dying God—namely, Jesus. We Unitarians say that these opinions form no part of Christianity, and that they were never taught by either Jesus or his apostles, and that they are not to be found in the New Testament. And we are sometimes asked if they have not been derived from the New Testament; whence have they been derived? The answer to this is easy. These opinions were part of the old Egyptian Paganism; and when the Egyptians accepted Christianity they dovetailed the new religion on to their old Paganism, and then the Romans accepted them both from Alexandria. We English of course received them from the Roman missionaries who converted our forefathers to Christianity. The Egyptians had always worshipped a great variety of gods; and when the Jews and early Christians taught that Polytheism was wrong, some of the Egyptians said that all their gods were only different parts of one great God. They advanced the doctrine of plurality in unity; and those who accepted Jesus as one of their gods at the same time said that their so doing did not contradict the doctrine of there being only one God. Thus the Egyptian doctrine of plurality in unity gave birth to the Trinity in unity. Again, the Egyptians had an annual ceremony of lamenting for the death of their god Osiris. The priestesses walked through the streets singing a poem which was a consolation to the goddess Isis for the death of Osiris. Hence, when they were told of the death of Jesus, they did not see that that in the least contradicted his being a god. Indeed, Xenophanes, a Greek who travelled in Egypt five centuries before the Christian era, had discussed that question with the Egyptian priests, and had argued that if Osiris were a god he could not have died, and if he were a human being they ought not to worship him. This intelligent Greek used against the Egyptian priests exactly the same arguments which we now use against the Trinitarians. The absurdity of the doctrine is quite transparent; and it is simply nonsense to say of either Osiris or Jesus that he was both God and man. We are reminded of the lines of the late Mrs. Rayner :—

"Talk of essence and substance, and I know not what,
God either made Jesus or else he did not;
If made, he is a creature, without more ado,
If not, he is a God, and then we have two."

It is well known that the Nicene creed which is read in church every Sunday morning was written by the Egyptian bishop Athanasius; and Constantine, the Roman emperor, required the then Christian world to accept it as true; and any superstitious doctrines which a body of clergy has once professed, they make it a point of honour never to give up. So our clergy go on now teaching every Sunday morning the creed that was written fifteen hundred years ago by an Egyptian bishop. The doctrine of the two natures of Christ is strictly of Pagan origin. That he should be at the same both God and man, was by no means improbable in the mind of an Egyptian. Every Egyptian king had called himself a son of one of their gods. The queens had been called wives of gods. And thus these monstrous doctrines crept into Christianity; and we have now got the duty to point out their Pagan origin, and to explain how very different the creeds taught in Trinitarian churches are from the simple religion of Jesus. The English nation is now passing through a new reformation. Its various sects will soon be divided into two great groups, one nearly Popish, and the other nearly Unitarian. Let us hope that during this intellectual struggle the Unitarians will bear their share of the burden, and boldly and fearlessly own and try to spread their opinions.



UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN CHURCH, POOLE.

During the present month this handsome new church will be opened, which has been rebuilt through the zeal and energy of our friends at Poole. It is an interesting fact connected with the history of this church, that it was founded about one hundred and ninety years ago by the grandfather of the founder of Methodism, John Wesley, who was also called John Wesley. Through the Act of Uniformity this faithful man was driven from the Church, and at one time was imprisoned six months in Poole gaol. He was the first minister of our church. He was minister here for a very few years, yet appears to have had a large number of adherents. The Rev. S. Hardy succeeded Mr. Wesley, and continued without molestation for many years at Poole. It appears that a building was erected in 1705, in a garden given for that purpose by one of the congregation, and then another building was erected larger than the former in 1721. This, till 1868, was the chapel in which our friends at Poole worshipped. They are not able to discover who was the pastor at this period. The name of the Rev. Mr. Madgwick occurs as conducting the services till 1734. He was succeeded by the Rev. Matthew Toogood, and in 1734 he was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas Rowe. The next minister was the Rev. Samuel Hayward, described in the history of Poole "as a gentleman of eminent character and respectable learning," who removed to London in 1752. His successor, the Rev. S. Phillips, caused a division in the congregation by his preaching so strongly in favour of the doctrine of the Trinity. He and his adherents were compelled to leave the chapel and found another congregation. Until that time—the middle of the last century—the congregation had been composed of persons of different theological opinions. The Rev. John Howell followed Mr. Phillips, and was the successful minister at Poole for twenty-four years. His sentiments were decidedly Unitarian, and he avowed them. Mr. Howell was succeeded by the Rev. Evan Davies, who was followed by the Rev. W. Lamport in 1794, and revived the congregation very much. On Mr. Lamport's removal to Lancaster the services were conducted by laymen for sixteen months. The Rev. Roger Seaward was minister here till 1815; and then again for a period the services were conducted by laymen. The Rev. Abraham Bennett was chosen minister in 1817. At this time the congregation manifested a zeal such as has not been shown since. Mr. Bennett removed to Manchester in 1826, and was succeeded by the Rev. J. Mitchelson. He was followed by the Rev. Mark Rowntree in 1834, who has recently through ill health resigned the charge. The services now are conducted by an efficient staff of laymen, who have generously of their time and their means done their utmost, for a few years, to keep up Unitarian Christian worship in Poole, and have now rebuilt the chapel as represented in our pages. They appeal for help so that the remaining £500 of debt may be speedily cleared off. We have no doubt but many of the readers of our pages will send some assistance to men so worthy, which may be addressed to Mr. A. Balston, of Poole.

NOW.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it, really;
Never let it be by halves,
Do it fully, freely?

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

When father calls, though pleasant be
The play you are pursuing;
Do not say, "I'll come when I
Have finished what I'm doing."

When 'tis said "You've eat enough,"
Don't reply, "O mother!
Let me have just one cake more,
I won't ask another!"

If you're told to learn a task,
And you should begin it;
Do not tell your teacher, "Yes,
I'm coming in a minute!"

Something waits, and you should now
Begin and go right through it;
Don't think if put off a day,
You'll not mind to do it.

Waste not moments, nor your words,
In telling what you could do
Some other time; the present is
For doing what you should do.

Don't do right unwillingly,
And stop to plan and measure;
'Tis working with the heart and soul,
That makes our duty pleasure.

NOTHING BETTER THAN CHRIST.

No school, class, or advanced thinker has ever to our minds proposed anything in religion or moral philosophy better than Jesus Christ taught and exemplified ; no better God, no better righteousness, no better method of reforming sinners, no better destiny for the human race, no better manifestation of the Divine Spirit and qualities in a model man. If this had been done, and if it could be done, then would Jesus stand superseded as the Christ of God. The very best of men that have ever lived have risen no higher in any of these particulars than what has been taught and done by our Great Master. Not one of all mankind have risen so high as He, and of those who profess to be so progressive they have come far short of what He was. It is an easy thing to talk about progress, and to say Christ did well enough for his day, but that now we need a higher type. Let us see that type, or indicate or exemplify what that model man should be. The very best of that very pretentious school have proposed nothing higher and better as an attainable condition of human society, or of individuals here on earth, than Jesus suggested, enjoined, lived for, and taught his disciples to pray and work for. Very few, indeed, of even the best of men have proposed to accomplish their benevolent objects and human improvements on grounds or by methods so faultless as His. The great majority have proposed nothing in behalf of human elevation higher than the dictate of naked justice in the scale of natural rights. Any absolute self-sacrificing love to the undeserving, to enemies, to offenders is either ignored or scouted as absurd. Hence, on the most vital point of righteousness and humanity, the non-resistance of evil with evil—the overcoming of evil with good—the most of those wtho talk of being better than Christ have yet much to learn from Him. Again, the class of progressives who wish to establish a church, like Mr. Newman, without Christ for their head, cannot offer their followers out of their own experience anything to make them more happy than the rule and life of Christ has done. They themselves are always straining after a rest, a peace, a blessedness which is always just at hand; but something eludes their eager grasp and postpones their hopes. Very few of this class have attained to anything like a harmonic, serene, peaceful state of mind, either individually or severally. If they are so much more enlightened and advanced than others, ought they not to be more satisfied and happy ? But they are not. So, then, we find that in the whole all this boast about advancement is purely boast—a want of modesty. They are quite human, frail, erring, and imperfect in passion, feeling, and conduct; no better than the rest of the world, and in general not so good as those whom they habitually criticise. How is it that they are not decidedly purer and better in personal righteousness ? Does this not suggest that there is something of essential truth and righteousness still lacking ? There is no more social unity, harmony, or love among those so-called advanced people. Very few of them can agree theoretically or practically. They do not think alike, reason alike, intuitionise alike, believe alike, feel alike, act alike, or unitise in anything. They as often criticise, and even denounce each other as bitterly as any class of men. The sectarian divisions and contentions of others are condemned by them as the evil fruits of creed ; but where is their own unity, concord, and paternal love ? To expose the errors and faults of others may be very necessary to human progress, but is it not equally necessary that we correct our own?

Once more we repeat that the human heart and the imperfection of society need no new Messiah—no other Saviour than He who lived and taught, suffered, and died eighteen hundred years ago, and was ordained by God to be the regenerator of our race. Mankind have had His example before them for ages, and nothing better than His example stands before us still. In nothing has the Christian Church surpassed Him. No class of men has yet by a better life superseded the necessity of the Gospel, and so we are not disposed to forsake the living fountain of a true godlike life, and hew out to ourselves a broken cistern that can hold no water. We say to the young just starting on the journey, and to those who have already performed a considerable part, and to those who shall soon lay down their burden and pass away —for youth, manhood, and age, there is nothing better than Christ.

CONSCIENCE.

An ingenious mechanic invented a machine to register the number of revolutions made by the wheels of a carriage, so that its owner could tell just how many miles it was driven. A stable keeper once had one put upon a carriage that he kept for letting, and by this means he could tell just how many miles any one went.

Two young men once hired it to go to a town some ten miles distant. Instead of simply going and returning, as they promised to do, they rode to another town some five miles farther, thus making the distance they passed over, going and coming, some thirty miles.

When they returned, the owner of the establishment, without being noticed by the young men, glanced upon the face of the measuring instrument, and discovered how many miles they had travelled.

"Where have you been?" he then asked them.

"Where we said we were going," was the answer.

"Have you not been farther than that?"

"Oh, no," they answered.

"How many miles have you been in all?" "Twenty."

He touched the spring, the cover opened, and there, on the face of the instrument, the thirty miles were found recorded.

The young men were struck dumb with amazement at being thus discovered in an attempt to cheat the owner of the carriage. They had told a falsehood, thinking that no one would ever find them out. Little did they imagine that they carried with them, in that silent little box, an invisible witness which would expose their wickedness.

So God has put an invisible witness in our hearts to record all we say and do, think and feel. We never see the curious machine which keeps the account, but nevertheless it is there. It goes where we go, stops when we stop, and listens when we speak, and watches us continually. If we tell the truth, it keeps note of the fact; if we try to deceive, and are disobedient and unkind, the black marks are set down at once and remain to annoy and pain us. So long as we live we carry this invisible witness, like the box on the carriage wheel, fastened upon the heart. Children, what is the name of this box?

THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

SIX WAYS OF DEALING WITH IT.

It is an interesting study, the history of the forbearance of the human race; how long and patiently men endure some kinds of evils, without thinking of the advice of the poet:—

> "Never patiently endure,
> Any evil you can cure."

The Athanasian Creed has long been "the thorn in the flesh" to many good churchmen, and they have said, in the language of Archbishop Tillotson: "I wish we were well rid of that creed." But some clergymen have got rid of it—omit it, although they bound themselves at their ordination to respect it. We call this the second way of dealing with it. In the West of England the smooth pathway of *omission* was disturbed at one of those churches a little time ago. The Bishop of Exeter was present at the service, unaware to the officiating priest, and he stood up at the time when it is ordered to be said and commenced, "Before all things it is necessary" &c., and much astonished the people that Sunday, and made them take this bitter pill. We have heard of another way of dealing with it which a clergyman suggested—that is of whistling it; and there was little more profanity in this method than when a Rector was told by his people that they would have this creed in their service. He said that the rubric ordered it to be said or sung, and if they would have it he would make them sing it to an old fox-hunting tune. They preferred to be silent. In some of the churches at the present time the clergymen, to quiet their conscience, commence it by saying, "Now it is ordained that we should repeat this creed." This is saying it under protest—at least they think so. Some years ago one of our Unitarian ministers went to pay a visit to some of his church friends who were engaged in cathedral service, and this was not the first time he had come on an Athanasian Creed day. After the service was over the officials apologised and blamed him for being present, as they said when they had "this piece of dirty work to do." These are some of the pleas and subterfuges that are set up for a part of Divine service. And the evil is, that this lamentable insincerity does not stop with

one part of the service, but spreads itself like a pestilence, till the light of the Church is turned to darkness, and the salt of christianity loses its savour, and the want of moral truthfulness, which begins at the House of God, poisons other holy offices of human life. Therefore, the reformation we seek is not simply the amendment of creeds, but to infuse moral dignity and manly sincerity into all forms of duty.

SHE IS GONE!

BY REV. E. CASE.

O'er the far seas, in the fairy skies,
Where the land of eternal beauty lies,
Away in the white of its misty light,
She is gone like a dream from mortal sight;
For ever gone.

With the glory of womanhood on her brow,
With all of earth's shadows behind her now,
To the living streams where the Asphodel,
Brightens its bloom in the greenwood dell,
She is gone.

Never again on our ravished sight
Shall her beauty fall in spells of might,
Nor her pattering feet, like rain, be heard
On the forest leaves, by the low winds stirred.
She is gone.

Her curls on her brow like sunshine lay,
In a light unknown to mortal day,
Tossed by the winds and faint with perfume,
Drank where the deathless Eden's bloom.
She is gone.

Immortal beauty embathes her now;
Immortal light is on her brow;
Fairer than seen in the dreams of night,
When we almost see to the land of light,
Where she is gone.

We cannot follow her, save in thought,
Yet we know by her we are not forgot.
Oh! could love's memories ever die,
There would be no heaven in yon blue sky,
Where she is gone.

To love like her's there is no death;
It cannot go out with the parting breath;
Over the loved of earth 'twill yearn;
In the light of God it will brighter burn,
Where she is gone.

I see in the light of the sunset skies,
Where the path to the inner glory lies,
And I feel in the glow of the summer's breath,
That passing away cannot be death,
When we are gone.

In the purple and gold of the dying day,
In yon endless sea, let me pass away;
While the gates of heaven are standing ajar,
I would go where the loved and beautiful are,
Where she is gone.

THE BEST REMEMBERED CHRISTMAS BOX.

ADDRESSED TO OUR LITTLE FOLK.

It is now many, many years ago, when I was a little child, and had sung my morning song to sister:—

"Jane get up and bake the pie,
And watch the ships go sailing by,
For 'tis Christmas-Day of the morning."

And then I sallied out with my tin box in hand to call at the homes of a few neighbours, mother first having given me a halfpenny to put in my box, which I rattled with great glee. After visiting the doors of several of father's companions and friends, and having received not a few halfpence, and many nice bits of cake; pleased with my morning's work, and returning home with my little box nearly filled with pence; I was then on a spot of ground I can still go to, made sacred to me by one act that Christmas morning, which I please to call my best remembered Christmas-box. There was a poor little fellow, the picture of distress, with his mother, who appeared to be a widow; they were strangers to me, I had never seen them before, nor have ever seen them since. How rich I felt myself with my box of halfpence, and how poor and without a friend this little child appeared to me, and without much thought—indeed it was like a sudden impulse—an angel's visit to my heart with a message of sympathy for the distressed and poor child. I marched up to him and said, "You have had no Christmas-box this morning, but I have," and pouring out, I know not how many coppers—my all—scampered away from the child, who looked with amazement at me. That single act, now nearly half a century ago, the gift of a few coppers to a friendless child who carried the marks of poverty in both face and clothes, is still a comfort to me, and has frequently been since a source of thankfulness in my breast to my Heavenly Father that he put it into my mind to do at least one generous act when a child. Now my little friends, you who are made rich by trifles and little kindnesses, forget not poor children, and turn not away from those who have few to pity them, and who present to you marks of distress. Your self-denying deeds, your generous little gifts, will shed around you a sweet and holy influence for years to come.

JOHN WESLEY'S FIRST "BUST."

We find afloat the following characteristic reminiscence of John Wesley, whose benevolent heart could never keep a good thing to itself:—

Caly, the eminent artist, one day said to Lord Shelburne, "My lord, perhaps you have heard of John Wesley, the founder of the Methodists?"

"O, yes," &c., "that race of fanatics."

"Well, my lord, Mr. Wesley had been urged to have his likeness taken, but he always refused. One day he called on me on business, and I began the old subject. 'Well,' said I, 'knowing you value money for the means of doing good, if you will grant my request I will engage to give you ten guineas for the first ten minutes that you sit, and for every minute that exceeds that time you shall receive a guinea.'"

"'What,' said Wesley, 'do I understand you aright, that you will give me ten guineas for having my likeness taken? Well, I agree to it.'

"He then stripped off his coat and lay on the sofa, and in eight minutes I had the most perfect bust I had ever taken. He then washed his face, and I counted to him ten guineas into his hand.

"'Well,' said he, turning to his companion, 'I never till now earned money so speedily; but what shall we do with it?'

"They wished me a good morning, and proceeded over Westminster Bridge. They met a poor woman crying bitterly, with three children crying round her. On inquiring the cause of her distress, Wesley learned that the creditors of her husband were dragging him to prison, after having sold their effects, which were inadequate to pay the debts by eighteen shillings. One guinea made her happy. He then went to Giltspur prison. The first ward he entered he was struck with the appearance of a poor wretch greedily eating potato skins. He was confined for the debt of half a guinea. Wesley gave him a guinea, and had the pleasure of seeing him liberated, with half a guinea in his pocket.

"You may imagine, my lord," said Caly, "that the remaining eight guineas did not go far in aiding such distress as this."

Lord Shelburne was so convinced of the mistaken opinion he had formed of Wesley that he immediately ordered a dozen of his busts to embellish the grounds of his beautiful residence.

PAPA'S COMING.

"Papa's come!" And eyes grow brighter and feet grow lighter, and all the home seems filled with fairies. As the merry shout goes out from heart and soul, so full of mirth and music, so full of life and love, the birds sing softly, and the zephyrs stop to listen, and the life forgets to be weary.

"Papa's come!" Day after day 'tis the same joyous pulsation, never feeling less, never weary of loving, never growing cold. Though the stern realities of life come upon us, and seize our time and thoughts and strength; and though cares and troubles absorb us entirely, the merry shout of "papa's coming!" makes everything light and easy, and makes the sunshine brighter than before.

"Papa's coming!" and willing hands will take off half your burden, and a willing heart will take all your care, and just appreciation will make you happier and more beautiful than before.

"Papa's come!" A strange and curious thing, this impress of a stronger life upon a house. Children fly to it, expand in it, love it. Woman would be desolate without it; she would sadly miss its gaiety and mirthfulness.

"Papa's come!" And night has come, and quiet and appreciation and earnestness and confidence and rest. The home is still, and true hearts beats in unison. Happy home, happy father, happy mother, joyous children! Sing your songs of peace, angels will hear them; raise your voices in prayers of thankfulness, God will hear them. Sing softly in your heart of hearts, "Papa's come!"

How pure and sweet are the joys of domestic life; and how imperative on every father and mother to do their utmost to make home a paradise of delight. You can teach your little ones to hail your coming and to love your presence:—

"Let no man blush that has a father's heart,
To take in childish play a childish part,
But bend his manly back to any toy,
That youth takes pleasure in to please his boy."

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

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METHUSALEHS.—The Rev. Dr. Chapin says that a man, living in the activities of the nineteenth century, is a condensed Methusaleh.

SLEEPING IN CHURCHES. — Concerning the practice of sleeping in church, Henry Ward Beecher says:—"If a man sleeps under my preaching I do not send a boy to wake him up, but I feel that a boy had better come and wake me up."

THE SERMON OFTEN LIKED. — "What sort of a sermon do you like?" said Dr. Rush to Robert Morris, one day. "I like, sir," replied Mr. Morris, "that kind of preaching which drives a man into the corner of his pew, and makes him think the devil is after him."

RIGHTS OF WOMEN.—In the French Revolution a great deal was said about the enfranchisement of women, some things that were sensible and some that were hardly that. One of the petitions of the women to the States-General says:—"The gallantry of Frenchmen should now give a grand example to the world. Women, forming the sounder and the larger part of the people, should compose a fourth order in the States-General. The graces would not be without their use in inducing the clergy to let the Church property be sold, and in inducing the nobility to renounce their privileges. What is the great wealth of a country? Population. Whence comes population? From marriage. Suppress, then, the bachelors. Accord no rank as a citizen to any man who is not married and has not at least one child.

DEFINING RELIGION.—Channing says:—"It is or has been the fault of all sects that they have been too anxious to define their religion. They have laboured to circumscribe the infinite. Christianity, as it exists in the mind of the true disciple, is not made up of fragments, of separate ideas, which he can express in detached propositions. It is a vast and ever-unfolding whole, pervaded by one spirit; each precept and doctrine deriving its vitality from its union with all. When I see this generous, heavenly doctrine compressed and crampled in human creeds, I feel as I should were I to see screws and chains applied to the countenance and limbs of a noble fellow-creature, deforming and destroying one of the most beautiful works of God."

DON'T SCOLD.—The *Congregationalist* offers this pregnant word of advice. Don't scold. We mean ministers, parents, teachers, and all others who need such admonition. Parents and teachers are in special danger of doing this. They are annoyed again and again by carelessness and disobedience, and the tendency to utter harsh, clamorous, and severe rebuke is so strong that many fairly acquire the habit without realising that they even know how to scold. Especially let ministers guard against this evil habit. If your congregation is small on the Sabbath; if it is reduced almost to zero by a storm; if the prayer-meeting is dull and the brethren hold back, don't scold. It does no good. There is a better way.

THE DARKEST DUNGEON. — There is no dungeon so dark and dismal as the mean man's mind.

PATRONISING RELIGION. — A good many people patronise religion and the Church, seeming to think themselves so eminently respectable and specially important that the Almighty will find it for his interest to attend particularly to them and theirs. The Almighty usually lets such people severely alone until they discover that their religion is selfishness and their life vanity; and only when they feel their nothingness and utter worthlessness, does He let the light of his countenance shine upon them and lift them up to the companionship of the poor in spirit. The aristocracy of heaven is composed of the humble and meek and lowly of heart.

Before the Judge of all the earth
Men hold an equal rank of both,
An equal law of breath,
An equal dust of death.

O Freedom! open thou a grave,
Where every king, where every slave
Shall cast in crown and chain,
Till only men remain!

—*Liberal Christian.*

THE ATONEMENT AND MORAL WORTH.—I was holding a discussion with a Baptist minister near London a short time ago. He gave an illustration of the justice of the atonement. He had once pledged himself as security for the honesty of a man who failed. He turned out to be a worthless character, and my opponent said that he was by justice bound to pay the debts of the debtor. A poor lame man immediately got up and asked the chairman if he could be allowed to ask the rev. gentleman a question. This was allowed, and he said, "You say that Jesus Christ has paid our debt, and we are but to believe this and then we are righteous with the righteousness of Christ. Now, sir, you paid the debts of a worthless man to keep your word. I ask you, was this fellow not equally a scoundrel after you paid his debts as before, and as worthless a man after he believed you had done this for him as before in the sight of the moral law?" He made no reply.

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